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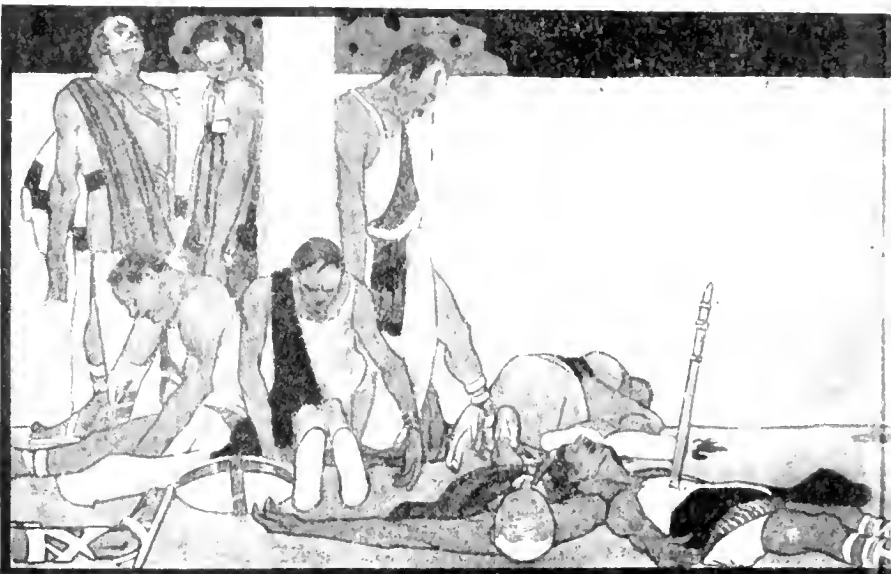
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1910

# Wallace Irwin



# The Teedysess



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Book \_\_\_\_\_

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THE TEDDYSEE



# THE TEDDYSEE

BY  
WALLACE IRWIN

*ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL*

NEW YORK  
B. W. HUEBSCH  
1910

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**THE TEDDYSEE**



BOOK THE FIRST



# THE TEDDYSEE

## BOOK THE FIRST

### *I.—The Godlike Tedyssees Setteth Out for Oblivion, But Misseth the Train*

It seems that Jove, who on Olympus sat  
Picking his teeth with thousand-volted  
shafts—

The date was March 4, 1909—

Looked down on burning Washington and  
cried:

“Juno, it seemeth me this Teddy Boy  
Hath kicked the Short-and-Ugs about  
enough.

See how his chariot rageth through the  
smoke

Squashing Tillmanicus, bumping Uncle  
Joe.

“Prodding the wolf Aldrichas till he snarls—  
Now and again he swingeth on some Trust  
E’en as J. Johnson poked the giant Jeff.  
Minerva’s spectacles and Vulcan’s teeth  
He wears for slaughter—O Tedysses bold!  
Loud ringeth thy bullful ‘Bully!’ through  
the land.

Wall Street doth throw a fit when thou  
dost sneeze;

Smashed lies the Gang, and men are sick  
of blood.”

The white-armed Juno, powdering her  
nose,

From Heaven looked down upon the messy  
scene.

She spoke: “ ’Tis easy to be rid of Ted.

Men vanish when the gods say ‘23!’

What I propose, O Zeus, is simply this:

Send this Tedysses on some wild-moose  
chase

To Europe, via Congo, Swaziland,

Mombasa and a string of black-face stop-  
offs

Not found in New York Central railway  
guides,

Twelve months to wander—and I’ll bet  
my sandals,

If Afric lions do not do their duty,

The Mighty Noise of Sagamore’s hill

Will find Oblivion in some other way.”



Thus Juno spake while jovial-smiling Jove  
The button pressed, called Mercury and  
cried:

“Boy, take this ticket to Tedysses—scoot!”

Fleet Hermes bore the pasteboard, which  
was marked

“Good for One First-Class Passage to Ob-  
livion.”

Oblivion! O ye gods, high overhead,  
Ye cannot shove a card like that on Ted!

*II.—Mercury Delivereth the Ticket and  
Tedysses Breaketh Away*

“Penelope, Penelope!”

The brave Tedysses cried—

And when he called Penelope

’Twas generally known that he

Meant Taftica, his bride—

“O fair and fat Penelope,

I’m going for to go

To wild and woolly Afrikee,

Where elephants and reptiles be

And pizen skceters grow.

But I’ll come back, Penelope,

As sure as you are born—

There ain’t a snake can puncture me;

My cuticule

Is like a mule

“And skeeter-proof my pores they be;  
While my rough-riding vertebræ  
    Would stop a rhino’s horn.”

“My hero!” cried Penelope,  
“The rhino what collides with thee  
    Will surely crack his horn.”

“But, ere I go, Penelope,”  
    The brave Tedysses said,  
“These last instructions take from me:  
Shun Nelson A., Sereno P.,  
And uncular Josephus C.,  
When they come making eyes at thee,  
    Awishing for to wed.  
Our little son Giffordius  
    In trust with thee I leave.  
He is a Nature-loving cuss  
    And oft for me he’ll grieve.  
And if some Moneyed Interest  
    Molests my Gifford P.,  
Ah, press him tightly to thy breast,  
And think, oh, think of me!”

Penelope she tightly pressed  
The Constitution to her breast  
    And sighed: “I’ll think of thee!”

Tedysses cleared his golden throat  
    And dropped a godlike tear.

“My Policies you’ll kindly tote  
    When I am gone, my dear.  
I cannot name them all to you,  
    Because they’re such a lot—  
‘There’s several just finished new  
    And some that I’ve forgot.  
But if, when I return to thee,  
My Policies intact I see,  
I’ll know that you’ve been true to me—  
    If not—why, then you’ve not.”

“My own, my Party Spouse,” said she,  
“Perhaps I’ll be quite true to thee—  
    Perhaps, again, I’ll not.”



*III.—Godlike Exploits of Tedysses in  
Ethiopia*

(This here chapter I omit—  
It is laid in Afric's clime,  
Where Our Hero's gun doth hit  
Fourteen jungles at a time.  
Wounded lions he enrages—  
Oh, you know the stuff I mean!  
You can find it in the pages  
Of a Current Magazine.)

*IV. — The Much-Wandering Tedysses  
Heareth the call of the Tame; So  
He Hiketh to Cairo and Calleth  
Down the Black-and-Tan Insur-  
gents*

On the shores of Africay  
Bold Tedysses now doth stand  
With a hippo dead and gray  
Resting lightly in his hand.  
There's a look of Far Away  
On his brow of high command.  
For his ear  
Seems to hear  
Something marvelously queer  
In the distant U. S. A.  
Something like a "thump-thump-thump!"  
Followed by a ghastly Bump!!

“O ye gods and little fish!

O ye snails of Oyster Bay!

Faith, this soundeth quite suspish-  
ious to one so far away!

Has Penelope, forsook,

By some Handsome Trust been took?

Have the Predatories snook

With my Conservation Book?

Is the Big Stick now a crook?

Has the Square Deal got the hook?

Fain on Congress would I look!”

Fear disturbed his plexus solar

As he ground each perfect molar,

As he stood in thought a while.

Then he hoofed it many a mile

Down the lotos-bearing Nile.

Holy Egypt!

Such a break-up

Of a shake-up

And a wake-up!

Not since Joseph, son of Jacob,

Prophesied long years of drouth

Has a stranger, bent on touring,

Hit old Nilus, long enduring,

Such a wallop in the mouth.

’Midst the mummies and the scarabs

Teddy lectured baby Arabs

On “The Strenuous Endeavor.”

While the poor, astonished Sphinx

Gasped with shrinks and winks and blinks  
At this flood of Modern Thinks,

    Groaning hoarsely, "Well, I never!"

Teddy next, with manner urgent,  
Called down many a black Insurgent,  
Many a Murdock hued like jet,

Many a dusky La Follette

Who had come with hope paretic

That they'd "get the sympathetic."

"Down!" cried Ted; "Egyptian Smarty!

Join the Regulation Party!"

At these words there rose a chorus

    Of prolonged Egyptian powwows

As they barked round Theodorus

    Like a pack of angry bowwows.

And they'd surely got his goat

    If Our Hero, still undaunted,

    Hadn't packed his pelts and jaunted

By the early morning boat.

And the day that he departed

Rose a chant of hope which started

From the mystic fane of Isis:

"Rise, O Nile! We've passed the Crisis."

---

*V.- Tedysses Hearerth the Sirens and  
Admireth Their Voices*

To Italy, to Italy  
Tedysses took his way,  
The land of ease, the land of fleas,  
Where Poverty is gay;  
The land of bowers and carven towers  
Where Art's undying name  
Both permeates and penetrates—  
And Garlic does the same

'Twas in the sea near Italy  
That Ted received a shock.  
"On yonder tide," the sailors cried,  
"There lies the Sirens' Rock.  
And if we hear the Sirens' song  
Ourselves we'll so forget  
Our bark will snag upon a crag  
And sink into the wet."

So seven sacks of sealing-wax  
Tedysses straightway got,  
And in the ears of all the crew  
He poured it boiling hot,  
Then tight and fast unto a mast  
He bound him with a thong,  
And, thus secure, he wooed the lure  
Of that sweet Siren Song.

On the beaches sat three peaches  
 Thrice by Nature blessed.  
 One was labeled "Solid East,"  
 Another "Solid West."  
 But of the three the fairest she  
 Who sang, with rosy mouth,  
 A bright refrain of Dixie strain—  
 She was the Solid South.

Herewith I reproduce those strains which  
 floated o'er the deck  
 Until our godlike hero almost broke his god-  
 like neck:

*Song of the Sirens*

O you restless Teddy, giving  
 Free advice to France and Rome,  
 Do you know the Cost of Living  
 Is advancing 'way back home?

That the Tact of Taft has never  
 Saved a rumpus—and we guess  
 That the Finest Tariff Ever  
 Is a mighty awful mess?

Do you know the Trusts are thicker  
 And the forests growing thinner?  
 Then why linger, Ted, and bicker  
 With a bunch of Kings at dinner?



Home again, O Teddy!

Back to the long love-feast!

There's a great big heart in the great big  
West

And another in the little old East.

We can ship you back on a flowery track

Right up to the White House Door—

If one good Term deserves another

What's the matter with Another Term  
More?

(Our Hero paled and trembled as the vessel  
onward skipped.

Although his ears were sealed with wax, I  
rather think it slipped.)

### III

There is a place called Europe—

You'll find it on the map.

Here Teddy's bark did moor up

To wake it from its nap.

The Natives, seeing Teddy,

That Hero's praises sung

In accents rough and ready,

Each in his native tongue.

The Dagos cried "Robusto!"

The French exclaimed "Encore!"

The German line raised stein on stein

With "Hoch der Theodore!"

But in the town of Budapest,  
     Where all the Magyars dwell,  
 They simply shouted: "Szz boom fssst  
     Yok pllst tish tush wat tell!"  
 'Twas in the States of Europe  
     That Teddy took his stand  
 And plainly spoke to all the folk  
     On "How to Run Your Land."  
 'Twas in the childless Paris  
     Where Theodore said he,  
 'The art of raising babies  
     Is in its infancy."  
 'Twas he to Bill the Kaiser  
     Who said, "Mein alt freund Bill,  
 Your troops are green—you should have  
     seen  
     My charge up San Juan Hill!"  
 'Twas he who went to London  
     And got the keys of gold  
 And told the British something skittish  
     About the way—but hold!

Round the Hero thronged the Kings  
     Like a flock of eager muttons,  
 Begging souvenirs and things,  
     Autographs and pins and buttons.  
 Night and day along his wake  
     Dogged the Sceptered and the  
     Crowned—

Faith, a King is hard to shake  
 When he gets to hanging round!  
 On his shoulderblade they wept,  
 Told him of their joys and ills,  
 Till, at last, when Europe slept,  
 Ted escaped to Brescia's hills.

*VII.—He Meeteth His Favorite Policy,  
 Giffordius, and Heareth Shocking  
 News of Home*

'Twas in an ancient, peaceful olive grove  
 Tedysses walked alone, composing o'er  
 Tomorrow's little Peace Talk for The  
 Hague,  
 Entitled, "Hit the Other Fellow First!"  
 When, whistling to him from the bough,  
 he heard  
 Some exiled dryad from the U. S. A.  
 And lion-thewed Tedysses, looking up,  
 Beheld, slow-stalking in a near-by glade,  
 One of His Policies, tall and gaunt and  
 sad,  
 The Forest Lover of the Tennis Court.  
 And then, "My Gifford!" cried exalted  
 Ted.  
 "My Ted!" cried Giff—they met in one  
 wild clinch,  
 E'en as some cyclone, strolling Kansas o'er,  
 Picks up Emporia's First Baptist Church

And shakes its belfry loose. At length  
spoke Ted:  
 "Hath Nature faked mine eyes? What do  
you, Gifford,  
Far from our Grand Old Party's peaceful  
perch?"  
 "Peaceful—Oh, Splash!" Giffordius cried  
again.  
 "My Ted, when thou wert on wild Afric's  
shore  
Didst hear a distant Crash?" "I heard a  
Bump,"  
Said Ted. Whereat spake Giff: "That  
Bump was me."

Upon a noble Roman stone they sate  
Lips close to ear, while Giff a tale unfolded  
So wild, so weird, that full a half a minute  
Ted listened tense, nor said a single word—  
This for the first time in his public life.  
I can't repeat, O Muse, what Gifford told;  
How bold Achilles round Tedysses' hearth  
Rocked in the old cane rocker, quite at  
home;  
How fair and fat Penelope, now false,  
Was singing love duets with Uncle Joe,  
Feeding the wolf Aldrichas with a spoon  
While sly Sereno worked her spinning-  
wheel  
That wove the Tariff.

These mad truths he told,  
When, sudden, up Tedysses rose in air,  
Smashed his rough-riding helmet to the  
sward

And through Liguria whooped this battle-  
cry:

“Malefactors!  
Falsifiers!  
All mendacity;  
No veracity—

Bully, Dee-lighted—Rah-rah!”  
Fair Gifford smiled and leaned against a  
tree.

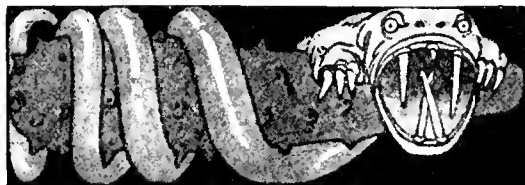
His heart was glad to hear this old-time  
shout,

For well he knew he'd started Teddy off,  
And that, when he had made the Guild  
Hall speech

And called the English down for good and  
plenty,

He'd make a home run for his Native  
Land,

Get the Big Hickory into play, and  
then——



*VIII.—Chorus of Mermaids Attending the  
Teddyboat Back to America*

Little boy Ted,  
    Come, blow your horn!  
The wolf's in the forest,  
    The hog's in the corn.  
The Regulars plot  
    As they gather in rings  
A regular lot  
    Of irregular things.  
Hi-diddle-diddle,  
Truth's on the griddle;  
    The Mule's kicked over Nebraska.  
When Ted's away  
The Trusts will play,  
    And Gugg's running off with Alaska.

BOOK THE SECOND





BOOK THE SECOND

*I.—The Wandering Tedysses Maketh  
Fresh Tracks*

GREAT-SOULED Tedysses, going home,  
The slow-poke vessel now doth fret.  
His heart outyearns to Sagamore,  
To Wiehita his teeth are set.  
And while he lifts impatient word,  
Lo! where the ambient billows leap,  
He sees a badly damaged Bird  
Fly limply to him o'er the deep.

At Teddy's feet the Bird doth flop.  
Its neck unhinged, its beak ajar;  
Much sorrow sticketh in its crop  
And on its tail no feathers are.

This Specimen with tender care  
Tedysses lifts, despite its grease.  
"I know you not!" Whereat the Bird  
Exclaims: "I am your Dove of  
Peace!"

"Fond Dove!" cries Ted in bitter tone,  
"Last year I left you on the Job,  
With feathers white and coo all right,  
And fat like Philadelphia's squab.  
Why is thy wing done in a sling?  
What have they gone and done to  
thee?"  
But all the dying Bird can croak  
Is: "Taft, and Party Harmonee!"

The shooter of a thousand zoos  
Into his gun a wad doth poke,  
Harks to the Dove's expiring coos,  
Then careless Heaven he doth in-  
voke:  
"Since hunting is the sport I love,  
My gun for slaughter still I'll tote.  
Since some one's gone and got my Dove,  
Now I'll go forth for some one's  
Goat!"

---

*II.—He Entereth America by the Front  
Door*

Muses, lend me an earthquake  
    To rattle the big blue dome,  
Or a dynamite bomb,  
Or a fierce tom-tom,  
Or a bugle-call,  
Or Niagara's fall—  
Full justice to do  
To the hullabaloo  
Which roared New York and the Country  
    through  
    When Teddy came sailing home.  
Thunder and smoke, how the Patriots  
    woke  
    From Kalamazoo to Nome!  
Your Uncle Sam fell off o' the porch  
And the Statue of Liberty swallowed her  
    torch  
    When Teddy came sailing home.

There was color, there was noise,  
There were Abernathy boys,  
    There was many a chief and scout and  
    lion-trainer;  
Cuban Vets with battered hilts  
And Cornelius Vanderbilts  
    And that Tammany-Insurgent, Mayor  
    Gaynor.

Woolly war-cries filled the air,  
Cowboys rode in Union Square,  
    Fame stood on her heavenly perch and  
    yelled like Melba;  
Sons of Erin, Sons of Titus  
And the Order of Saint Vitus  
    Skinned their throats to raise the Bat-  
    tle-cry of Elba.

Through the Ready-Money Town  
They paraded up and down,  
    Teddy bowing right and left like Ju-  
    lius Cæsar;  
And the Nation, which had slumbered  
As the empty months they numbered,  
    Thrilled again to greet its Corporation  
    Squeezer.

When the tumult and the spouting  
    Died away amidst the shouting,  
    And the Captains and the Colonels  
    had departed,  
Sat a Grafter in his clover  
Chuckling: "Gee! I'm glad it's over!"  
    Echo answered: "Over, man! He's  
    scarcely started!"

*III.—False Albany Togeth' with the  
Character of Penelope*

When Sodom's sins were burned away,  
And vile Gomorrah cooked,  
The thriving town of Albany  
Was, somehow, overlooked.  
'Twas there, ere dew of morning dried,  
Timmus of Woodruff rose and cried:  
"Hey, Willie, look to yonder plain!  
Methinks I hear,  
With sickening fear,  
The Big Noise coming home again!"

Then William Barnes he up did start—  
Fear swelled his apoplectic heart  
As through the State he raised the shout:  
"To arms, ye Olde Garde!—tumble out!"  
Then forth from mountains, forests, val-  
leys,  
Rathskellers, cisterns, bowling-alleys,  
The noble Stalwarts flocked amain—  
"Our jobs! Our jobs!" their wild refrain.

From Utica, to join the game,  
That little sunshine, Sherman, came.  
Before the hosts  
For war arrayed,  
With empty boasts  
Of "Who's afraid?"

With godlike stride J. Sherman goes;  
 While, perching deftly on his nose,  
 His large Pickwickian spees repose.

(A flash of spear,  
 A Noise of dread,  
 Proclaim the near  
 Approach of Ted.)  
 "Let's hatch a plot,"  
 Says Tim to Jim,  
 " 'Tis well—why not?"  
 Says Jim to Tim.

So head to head and heart to heart,  
 With ghastly glance and ghostly start,  
 The Fatal Papers they procure  
 And sign the Fatal Signature.

When, lo! upon that guilty scene  
 A Comet, run by gasoline,  
 With sportive snort  
 And short cavort,  
 Arrives and casts a gibbous green  
 On the grim glim of Tim and Jim—  
 "Horror!" they babble. "It is Him!"

Tedysses, like a square-faced ghost,  
 Thus spake to the assembled host:  
 "Fair gentlemen, it is my fate  
 Full many million Things to hate.  
 The liar plain  
 I do despise;

"At grafters vain  
     My gorge doth rise;  
 I hate the cats  
     About New York  
 Who live in flats  
     And dodge the Stork.  
 The man of news  
     Who rakes the muck  
 Well knows my views  
     Upon his Truck;  
 The greedy Trust  
     With scorn I clothe;  
 The Judge unjust  
     I likewise loathe.

But of the Things I cannot brook  
 The most, by George, I hate a crook!"

But Barnes, in suaver manner cloaked,  
 Swallowed his rage—and almost choked.  
 "O Ted!" quoth he, "thou speakest flip.  
     My kindness see!  
     I offer thee

The Temporary Chairmanship—  
 Say, wouldst thou take it if thou couldst?"  
 Fair spake Tedysses: "Sure, I wouldst!"

(These politicians beat the Dickens—  
 Please notice how the plot now thickens.)  
 Just as Tedysses took his stand  
 The loyal Olde Garde to command,

An A. D. T. boy, undersized—  
 T. Woodruff for the part disguised—  
 Into Bill Barnes his crafty mitt  
 A message prest—and this was it:  
 “*From us pray take our Royal Tip—  
 For Temporary Chairmanship  
 The sunny Sherman I indorse,  
 The Grand Old Party’s noble horse,  
 The friend of Man, the foe of Graft,  
 Thine for harmonious action,  
 Taft.*”

As when the birdman Brookins flies  
 Ten thousand feet into the skies,  
 And there doth drop an orange sweet  
 Upon some Aviation Meet,  
 So did the soul of Ted downfall  
 To read that message fraught with gall—  
 His dear-loved Consort writing notes  
 And lending comfort to the Goats!  
     His flashing eye  
     Doth slightly blear;  
     A tearful sigh,  
     A sighful tear  
 Drops on his native sward—and then  
 He grasps his mighty fountain pen:  
 “*Penelope, since I have went,  
 Why didst thou choose another gent?  
 And why, oh why, that heartless whim  
 To knock of me and block for Jim?*”



Then, answering to  
Those words of ire,  
This message flew  
Across the wire:

“Your fears allay, beloved Ted!  
You say they say the things I said:  
Which said remarks I didn't say.  
Say what I say. I'm thine alway.”

Then o'er the ranks of Albany there fell  
a sickly, solemn hush—

Such as when some big bumbling bee falls  
footless in a bowl of mush.

“War to the knife!” Tim Woodruff hissed.

“Aye!” thundered Ted, “and to the  
teeth!”

His good right hand he crooked and drew  
his Liar Killer from its sheath;

But, even as he paused to strike, a wireless  
wave him thus addressed:

“Drop the Small Game and come to help  
the Woolly but Progressive West.”

His Killer in his belt he stuck.

And this impromptu speech spake  
he:

“Fate cannot change the Teddyluck—

Prepare a future jolt to buck.

Bill Barnes—anon you'll hear from  
me!”

*IV.—Tedysses Swingeth the Square Deal  
in the Big Circle*

“East is East and West is West, and never  
the two shall meet,”

As Rudyard K. exclaimed in a way, which  
is putting it rather neat;

Now the Voice of the East has a nasal  
twang, but the West, when her  
Voice she blows,

She lets out a yell like the Pipes o’ Hell  
—and the fellow she calls for goes.

So into the West went Teddy

On the swiftest he could procure,

For a Conservational,

Conversational,

Radical lecture tour,

On matters of urgency

Boosting Insurgency,

Patting the Elba Clubs,

Praising the fighters,

Alarming State-Righters

And chumming with Governor Stubbs.

With a phonograph

And the Outlook staff,

And Dolliver vocally sweet,

And Garf and Giff

All ready to biff

Achilles from off his seat,

---

Each hour of the day  
With something to say  
    And something to drink and eat—  
A galaxy gallant  
Of popular talent  
    Which Four of a Kind can't beat!

Among the tall burdocks  
With Bristows and Murdocks  
    He hunted the Trust to its lair;  
A fist broad and brawny  
He shook after Tawney,  
    And shouted: "Come out, if you  
    dare!"

To crossroads and sidings  
He brought the good tidings  
    Of "Boost my New Policies strong!"  
He praised little mothers  
And slammed the weak brothers  
    Who didn't know Virtue from  
    Wrong.

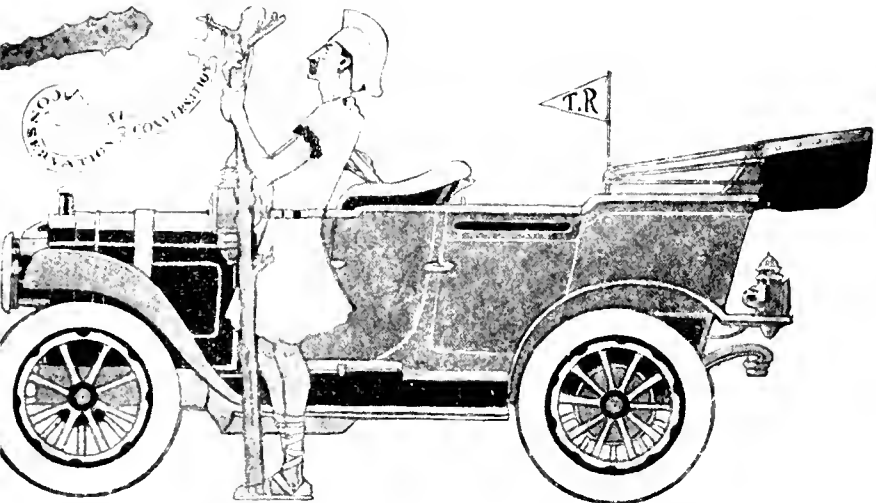
At every station  
There stood an Ovation,  
    With banzais so lusty and salvos so  
    swinging  
That the welkin, in fact,  
Got outrageously cracked  
    After several weeks of continuous  
    ringing.

Shall I mention Cheyenne, with its busy  
corrals,  
Where the cattlemen told him, "You  
bet' we are sta'nch!"  
How he talked upon "Waterways, fleets  
and canals"  
To the dry-farming boys of the Al-  
kali Ranch?  
Shall I tell how he burst upon Denver's  
plateau  
To the Third Term Enthusiast's usu-  
al cheer?  
How he stood on the platform, looked  
round and said, "No—  
I won't speak a word till Ben Lind-  
sey is here!"



How he slammed the Supreme Court's  
supreme banalities,  
Cross-eyed decisions and "high technical-  
ities"?

Then on to the land of Insurgent Bonanzas—  
Muse, tie your hat on; we're going to Kansas:  
Wichita, Ottawa, Lebo, Eureka,  
Delphos, Eudora, Chetopa, Topeka;  
Then on where the sunflower flaunts its  
bravery—  
Osawatomie, still the staunch foeman of  
slavery,  
Where the soul of great John,  
Whose last name was Brown,  
Goes marching right on  
Through the cute little town.



Here the Teddy Train stopped with a toot  
that was rollicking;  
Whole population of Kansas came frolick-  
ing:  
Mothers and fathers and grizzled old Vets  
Thronged from the farms  
As they bore in their arms  
The hardiest crop that young Kansas be-  
gets—  
Infantile Bristows and wee La Follettes.  
“Tonight is the night!”  
Said Governor Stubbs  
To Will Allen White,  
Who was up to the hubs  
In a trance of delight  
As forth in his might  
Strode the Soul of Progressive Republican  
Clubs.  
Oh, how can I focus my mind’s feeble prism  
On that wonderful speech on New Nation-  
alism,  
Where a Platform was built,  
Some Trust-blood was spilt  
And Wrong got the javelin up to the hilt?  
Next he praised Kansas City’s Missourian  
forces,  
Then stopped at Sioux Falls, where, in  
thrilling discourses,  
He spoke on “Notorious Party Divorces.”

Then a stop-off at Fargo  
To let on a cargo  
Of deputy sheriffs and cowpunching boys  
Who were eager with praise  
Of "them hell-splittin' days  
On the Little Missouri—wow! Let's make  
a noise!"

Next he dropped at St. Paul  
On the Governors all  
And handed State-Rights a most serious  
"call";

Then an afternoon talky  
He spent at Milwaukee,  
Where he gave Mayor Seidel a gall-coated  
pill.

Then on to Chicago flew Ted with a will,  
Where the Hamilton Club sat prepared  
for a thrill,

As, with hard, vacant stare  
Stood a hard Vacant Chair  
Marked "Lorimer"—faith, it is standing  
there still. . . . .

So thus and etcetera Theodore pressed  
A Garland of Speeches three thousand  
miles long  
Like a barb-wire fence round the heart of  
the West,  
Till the West yelled "I'm yourn!"  
and took after him strong.

But Marse Henry Watterson spoke from  
 his heart:  
 "The Slayer of Lions is now being lionized;  
 And the Colonel, of course, will continue  
 his part  
 Till the dear old Republican Party  
 is Bryanized."

*V.—Our Muse Taketh the Express Elevator to Olympus*

Muse, here's our elevator waiting. "Go-  
 ing up!"  
 Up to Olympus, where, with twitching  
 beard,  
 Great Jove sits at his desk and, with a pin,  
 Traces across the map of U. S. A.  
 The latest zigzag of the Teddy Tour.  
 Around him sit the Council of the Gods,  
 Each looking anxious as the scratching pin  
 Passes from Kansas eastward to New York.

"O tell me, Uncle Jupe," fair Venus speaks,  
 Brushing the star-dust from her perfect  
 nose,  
 "What ticket will you give your Favorite  
 now?  
 What will Tedysses be a-doing next?"  
 Nine thunder-sneezes sneezed the Cloud-  
 compeller;



---

Then thus to Venus: "Pretty pinky one,  
I'm merely hired to boss the Universe—  
Then how can I control this Teddy, pray?  
For there are things of which the gods  
                  themselves

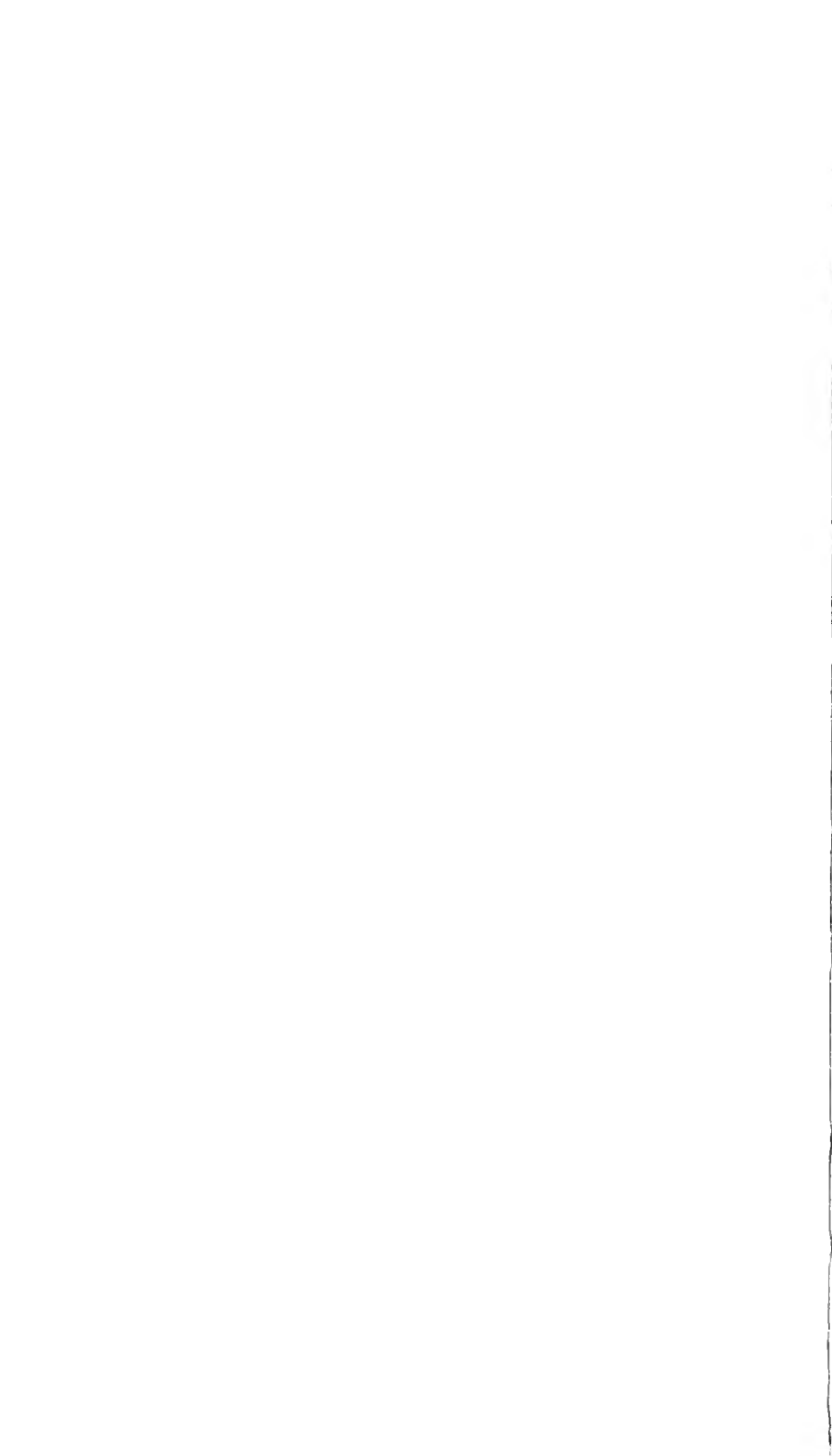
Can simply speak the Delphic phrase,  
    'Search me!'

But, since you ask me what's my guess,  
    I'll say

Tedysses may, within a week or so,  
Fly angry to his ruined Party Home,  
Where his Penelope of Taftlike face  
Doth entertain his enemies at lunch."

"O bully!" Venus cried; "then I foretell  
There'll be the loudest crash, the maddest  
                  yell

Since Vulcan through the heavenly sky-  
                  light fell."



BOOK THE THIRD



## BOOK THE THIRD

### *I.—Tedysses Taketh a Club Unto the Sinful Suitors of Penelope*

T**IRED** with his starry touring through  
the West,

A thousand towns, a million epigrams,  
Tedysses paused—a thing he seldom did—  
And fell asleep within his special car.

Whereat Minerva, Harvard's sacred goddess,  
d

Upon her ambient aero gliding down,  
Lifted Tedysses sleeping from his bunk  
And bore him to arboreal Washington.  
Softly she laid him on the White House  
lawn

And with an angel-feather scratched his  
nose.

Our Hero sneezed. "Alas, where am I  
at?"—

A question seldom asked by Theodore.  
He rubbed his glasses; then, quick glanc-  
ing round,  
Beheld his dear Administration Home;  
The very same — and yet how sadly  
changed!

"Oh, what hath happened to my Tennis  
Court,  
That sacred plat where erstwhile Garf and  
Giff

Bounced the swift ball belike a Rubber  
Trust?

Weeds now infringe the spot—it seemeth  
me

. The Old White Homestead hath a differ-  
ent air

From what it had before I left the place  
In charge of fair and fat Penelope."



---

Thus Teddy spake, when sudden through  
the trees  
A dusty, damaged, dopey Dog appeared,  
Whined whimpering at Teddy's feet, and  
there  
Licking his hand fell in a hunger-faint.  
Tenderly leaning, Ted with terror saw  
The truth—it was his dog "My Policies"!  
"Horrors, poor hound!" he moaned; "I  
left you fat,  
Gnawing rich steaks from juicy Corpora-  
tions—  
See how your ribs stick out—your listless  
tail  
Betrays the fact that you have fed on  
scraps,  
And few of these, for many, many moons.  
Poor mutt! While you lie gasping in the  
ditch  
Tray, Blanche and Sweetheart, decked  
with ribbons blue,  
Bark saucily from out the Royal Coach.  
By George, I'll fix 'em!" Speaking thus,  
Tedysses  
Reached for his magic blade. . . .

When from the sky  
Divine Minerva, goddess Suffragette,  
Swooped swiftly down and thus to Theo-  
dore:

“Sheathe the sharp sword, O Strong One!  
Only wait  
Until the proper time, and I shall grant  
thee



A chance to smite thy foes in yonder Palace  
Such an Homeric swat as Honus Wagner  
Swings on some gosling from the Minor  
League.”



---

So saying, the goddess, by a magic word,  
Changed Teddy from his vast and warlike  
bulk

To the more humble shape of Richard  
Glavis.

Seattle clothes she put upon his back  
And in his hand a satchel labeled "Evi-  
dence."

Thus strangely changed she led him gently  
forth

And set him knocking at the White House  
door

Just when Josephus Cannon and The Rest,  
Clad in rich robes and bearing sweet bou-  
quets,

Were dropping in, as usual, for lunch.

## *II.—The Crafty Tedysses Obtaineth Admit- tance to the Old Homestead*

There came a bump on the White House  
steps

And a knock at the White House door.  
Achilles blank and Hitchcock frank,

They gasped like trout in a brackish tank.

"Who's there?" they cried, full sore.

Then Achilles opened a weeny crack

And peeked with a look surprised,

For out in the storm stood a Glavis form—

Which same was Our Ted disguised.

“O poisonous snake of Insurgent make!”  
Godlike Achilles hissed;

“Why come you here with suspectful leer  
And a fatuous Conservation sneer  
And a tainted Alaska list?”

“I have evidence plain,” quoth the Glavis  
swain,

“Which will rattle your slats some  
more;

For it tells of loot.”—Here he stuck his boot  
In the crack of the White House door.

“Oh, Evidence plain ye may bring in vain—  
Avaunt, vile viper, avaunt!”

Achilles cried as he rubbed his heels.

“We’ve muckraking spiels on Land Office  
deals

Far more than we’ll ever want.”

But Hitchcock fair cried: “What do we  
care?

Such clowns but amuse the Bunch—  
For this Glavis bloke is a Popular Joke;  
Let’s haul him along to lunch!”

Then into the empty Cabinet Room  
Led they the glaviform Ted.

Then they put bright bells on his toes of  
pride;

Then gave him a bauble—and next they tied  
A fool’s cap over his head.

So they laughed "Ha-ha!" and they  
shrieked "Huzzah!

Sure, the look on his mug is rum!"—  
Changed were their tune had they known  
how soon

The End of the Laugh would come.

*III.—Tedysses Smiteth the Lyre, yet Hold-  
eth His Rage*

Within the royal dining-hall  
The Suitor Horde sat lunching all.  
Such stacks of fattening food to eat!  
Such Taftlike joints of roasted meat!  
Such bumpers passed 'twixt college chums!  
Such 'possums stuffed with Party Plums!  
Upon a dais of solid make  
Reclined Penelope devout,  
Eating as though her heart would  
break—

A goddess, though a trifle stout.  
Tedysses from his humble place  
Gazed on that well-remembered face.

"They say," said he, "Penelope  
Mourns my long absence day and  
night.

And yet, so far as I can see,  
Grief has not lessened Appetite."

On either side the royal plate,  
As if to share the royal state,  
Cannonos and Aldrichas sate.

They seemed to be  
 In rivalree  
 To win the fair Penelope,  
 Josephus, with his black cigar  
 Tiptilted to the morning star,  
 Spake thus: "Fair Taft, if in the tie  
     Of Party Wedlock we should mate,  
 Oh, think how smoothly you and I  
     Could run the gol-dinged Ship o'  
     State!"—  
 Tedysses heard and broke a plate  
     In silent, concentrated hate—  
 Aldrichas spake: "Fair Taft, if I  
     Could share thy throne my whole life  
     long,  
 The special Interests, weak and shy,  
     We'd nurse till they were straight and  
     strong!"—  
 Tedysses, chewing silent glue,  
 Snarled: "Rubber trustling!—meaning  
     you."

The nectar gurgled round on round  
 To wild Reaction's tuneful sound,  
 While Hale, of Democratic Maine,  
 A jest or two could not refrain  
 On absent Teddy's teeth and voice;  
 And Cæsar Burrows, once the choice  
 Of Michigan, until that state  
 Stabbed Cæsar in his consulate—

---

C. Burrows made some cutting crack  
Anent "Ex-champs, who can't come  
back!"

Tedysses heard. His smile was black.  
Then Woodruff, whom the gods call Tim,  
And he whom men call "Sunny Jim,"  
Indulged in sentimental chat  
On Saratoga's splendid prime,  
When Tweed passed down the robe to Platt  
And votes meant money all the time.  
Quoth Wickersham: "I pledge a toast  
Unto the classic G. O. P.,  
Which, like some mighty Hitching Post,  
Moves not, yet holds its dignity."  
The toast was drunk with piercing yell  
By Tawney, Penrose and Dalzell;  
At which a frenzy of affright  
O'ercame the fair Penelope—  
"If Ted should happen home tonight  
My, what a clearing out there'd be!"

Tedysses, in his Glavis shape,  
Rose and o'erlooked the ribald fun  
As one who craves a shooting serape,  
Yet lacks the necessary gun.  
The crowd beheld him with a screech  
Of "Get the hook!" and "Get the  
prong!"  
Some scoffers shouted, "Dick, a speech!"  
Yet others, "Say it in a song!"

Our Hero cleared his golden throat,  
 His speechful throat to song unused,  
 Then, as of yore, the Lyre he smote  
 And tuned this melody enthused:

*Conservation Versus Devastation*

“A tree stood alone  
 On a high, high hill.  
 If they’d let it alone  
 It would be there still.  
 But the tree was shipped  
 To the old sawmill,  
 Where its heart was ripped  
 With a sawyer’s skill.  
 And now on the place  
 Where the chipmunks jump  
 There’s a Land Fraud Case  
 And a blackened stump.”

*Chorus*

“It’s too late to lock the stable when the  
 mare’s skipped spry;  
 If you throw away the apples, then you  
 can’t have pie;  
 But the wisest affirmation  
 In the Law of Conservation  
 Is: You cannot draw the water when the  
 well runs dry.”

---

“In the primal soil  
Lay a ton of coal,  
Prize for the toil  
Of some needy soul.  
But it fell in the snitch  
Of a greedy Trust  
Which was in with the Rich  
And out for the dust.  
Oh, that Trust was deep  
As the midnight’s dye.  
It could buy things cheap,  
It could sell ’em high:  
Now that coal doth smoke  
Over Pittsburgh sere,  
Where it adds to the choke  
Of the atmosphere.”

*Chorus*

“When the kerosene has vanished, then the  
well won’t spout;  
It’s too late to talk of dancing when you’ve  
grown too stout—  
But the brightest aphorism  
Of the Brand-new Nationalism  
Is: You cannot fill the scuttle when the  
coal runs out.”

Achilles rose with frenzied nerve,  
Fear quavering through his pallid  
brain:

"This clownish Glavis chaunts a dirge—  
     Can't some one pipe a livelier strain?"  
 Sereno Payne, devoted man,  
     Worked in the background wild with  
         zeal,  
 Weaving a Tariff as he ran  
     Penelope's own spinning-wheel.  
 "Oh, list!" he cried, "friends of mine own,  
     This tripping threnode I'll intone:

*High Tariff Spinning-Song*

"If Uplift is good—and they say that it is—  
     It's bully in any direction;  
 It's fine in Religion, it's better in Biz,  
     But in Tariff it's simply perfection.  
 So we'll hike up the schedules on stockings  
     and breeks,  
     On rice, cotton, flour—can you beat 'em?  
 But we'll let down the bars on Italian  
     Antiques,  
     Because folks can't wear 'em or eat  
     'em."

*Chorus*

"Spin 'er out fine  
     All down the line;  
     Boost all the prices a wee little shade.  
 So we'll sit our high horse  
     And serenely indorse  
     The Corkingest Tariff that Ever was  
     Made."



"If kindness is good—and they say it is sich—  
     Then the poor should not lack our  
     protection;  
 But it's kindlier still to be kind to the Rich  
     Who reciprocate love and affection.  
 So we'll aid the directors of Bethlehem  
     Steel  
     And the billionaire barons of rubber,  
 Till the campaign bonanzas resound to  
     our zeal  
     And the Pork Barrels blossom with  
     blubber."

*Chorus*

"Let us be just  
 To the Shoemaking Trust—  
     Wee Infant Industry needing our aid;  
 And our Party we thank  
 As we stand on the plank  
     Of the Helpfulest Tariff that Ever  
     was Made."

*IV.—Tedysses Turneth Loose*

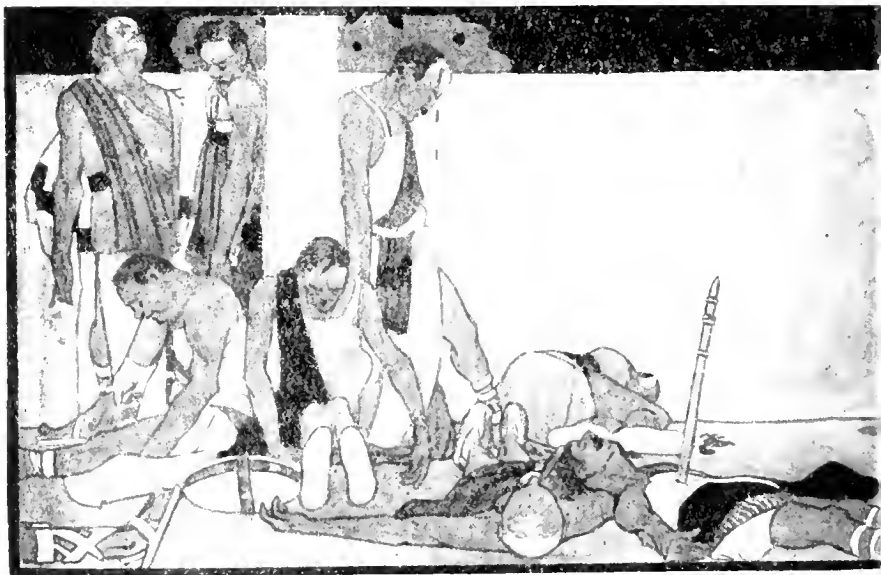
The luncheon now was drawing to a close,  
 And, dallying dankly with the fingerbowl,  
 The wolf Aldrichas rose and thus addressed  
 Penelope:

"Great Queen, alas, too long  
 You've kept your suitors on the anxious  
 seat!

Teddy, you see, is coming back no more:  
So, say, for good and all, which one of us  
You choose to fill the strenuous place be-  
side thee."

A shy, sly twink shot from the mystic orb  
Of smooth Penelope as thus she spake:  
"Sweet suitors, as I love ye equally,  
I'll choose to fill 'Tedysses' vacant throne  
The one among your train who this can do:  
Up in the garret lies a Weapon stout,  
Covered with cobwebs, deep in mothy  
dust—

'Twas called 'the Big Stick' when by Ted  
'twas swung."—



A deathsome shudder thrills along the  
line—

“Now him among ye who can swing this  
bludgeon

Thrice round his head and say ‘Dee-  
lighted!’ thrice,

To him the chair of ‘Teddy I surrender.’”

Then upward seven colored porters ran  
And, groaning gruffly like piano-movers,  
The big, black, brutal bludgeon down  
they bore,

The wolf Aldrichas was the first to try,  
Baring his elbows, spitting on his hands,



With biceps bent and shoulders firmly  
     squared,  
 He seized the weapon by its handle-end  
 And tugged as might some little, busy ant,  
 Trying to drag an auto up a hill.  
 Next old Josephus of Cannonic fame  
 Strained at the Stick and raised it far  
     enough  
 To drop it on his homespun Danville sock.  
 Achilles tried in vain, then sunstruck Jim,  
 Then twenty stern, standpattish Senators.  
 "What!" cried Penelope. "Can no one lift  
 The Stick which once my Ted with one  
     hand swung  
 While writing notes to Congress with the  
     other?"  
 Then did Tedysses, still in Glavis form,  
 Step forth. "O Queen, a timid boon I  
     crave:  
 Though I may not be like Aldrichas strong,  
 Or like Josephus wiry, grant me leave  
 To try my puny wrists upon the Stick."  
 With comic jeers the boon he asked was  
     granted.  
 And then . . .  
                     Ye Furies! How shall  
     I describe  
 The marvel that immejut did befall?  
 For, the thin mask of Glavis shaking off,  
 Tedysses reared his well-remembered bulk,

---

His knobby, knotty, super-bulldog shape.  
Within his gumptious grasp the Stick he  
clutched;

One tug, the mighty timber reared in air—  
Then through that charnel hall there  
shrilled the shriek

Of "Ouch!" and "Spare us, Ted—we  
didn't do it!"

Wretches! Why plead where pity there is  
none?

Josephus and Aldrichas fell together,  
Squashed on the floor in one conglomerate  
blob.

Skulls popped amain and on the marble  
walls

Pattered the splatter of standpattish gore.  
Did one escape? Nay! On the lawn  
without

Gathered the stout Progressives, fully  
armed,

Bristow and Murdock, Cummins, La Fol-  
lette,

Holding their choppers right across the  
doors.

So, when the screeching fugitives poured  
out,

Bang went another deader on the sward!  
So, all that wild avenging afternoon,  
"Thud! Thud!" the Stick descended.  
Heaven, assisting,

Poured deadly lightning from the black-  
ening sky.

The screams grew less. At length the  
Hall was still.

Upon the scene Penelope did flit,  
Observed her Lord, then had a fainting fit.

At last she raised her head,

Smiled affably and said:

“Good gracious me, you haven’t changed  
a bit!”

BOOK THE FOURTH





## BOOK THE FOURTH

### *I.—Tedysses Taketh a Pullman for Hades and Return*

IN myrrh and asphodel and drowsy lotus  
Tedysses sleeping lay,  
The Big Stick loosely wrapped, till further  
notice,  
In lavender and bay.

Again in dreams he heard the shrieks and  
bellows  
Responding to the blow  
When with the scourge he smote the  
Crooked Fellows  
And brought the Olde Garde low.

- While thus he dreamt, from out the am-  
 bient ether  
 Jove sent this wireless fleet:  
 "Waste not thine hour in dreams, O Heavy  
 Breather!  
 More toil awaits thy feet.
- "Awake! descend at once to gloomy Hades  
 And interview with care  
 The Ananiae band of spooks and shadies  
 Whom thou hast driven there.
- "Speak to them kindly whom in life thou  
 chided,  
 And when the jaunt is o'er  
 Come back to Earth and manage undivided  
 Thy throne forevermore."
- "Orders O. K.," T. R. to Heaven cabled;  
 Then hastened to affix  
 Upon his trunks a baggage-ticket labeled,  
 "To Hades, via Styx."

*II.—He Slideth the Chute to the Infernal  
 Basement*

- "Halt! Who goes there?" From out the  
 craggy black  
 Of midnight Erebus a Voice outrasped,  
 Harsh as a handsaw grating on a nail.  
 Tedysses, who with jungle-seasoned feet  
 Had strode into the very jaws of Hell,

Now halted. "Who art thou, dour sene-  
schal,

That biddest the Moving Van of Progress  
stop?

No Man or Thing hath ever stayed my  
course.

What jest is this?" "O Tumbo," spake  
the Voice,

"I have stopped kings and queens and  
actresses,

The ruddy gold of Ormus or of Ind-  
-iana naught avails when I cry 'Halt!'

I am the Heart of Stone, the Voice of  
Brass.

All hope abandon ye who enter here."

Ted struck a match and gasped when he  
beheld

At Hades' gate the form of William Loeb,  
Three-headed, terrible, collecting tithes  
As tariff from the living and the dead.

"Surely you know me, Bill," Tedysses  
spake.

"That's what they all say," growled the  
icy Loeb.

"Cough up the keys, now, for I see ye bear  
A suitcase filled with dutiable goods."

He who had made the Afric lion faint

And sassed the British lion to his teeth,

Now meekly oped his suitcase and declared

The following items:

Seven fountain pens,  
 A photograph marked "Bill, R. I.,  
 to Ted,"  
 The Keys of London,  
 Wagner's Simple Life,  
 A safety razor,  
 Works of Marc Aurelius,  
 A gun,  
 A pair of boots,  
 The Pilgrim's Progress,  
 A pack of faded letters postmarked  
 "Rome."

Loeb cast upon the pile his duteous eyes,  
 Tagged the lot "Confiscated," rang the  
 bell

And summoned Pluto. "Here's a gent,"  
 he said,

"Who's bent on raising Hades—show him  
 round."

*III.—He Chatteth with the Crushed  
 Spirits of His Foes*

The dark-browed Pluto, Hades' king,  
 Removed his crown to Teddy's state:  
 "Dear sir, thou art the livest thing  
 That ever passed this sable gate.  
 Now, tell me plain: Of my Domain  
 What part wouldst thou accelerate?"

Fair spake Our Ted: "I would prefer  
To see the victims, if you please,  
Who fell before my Walloper;"  
Glum Pluto smiled with deathly ease.  
"We have a whole Department, sir,  
Devoted to the souls of these."

All in a Stygian motor-boat  
They launched them on the troubled  
tide.  
Grim Charon piped: "We scarce can float,  
The sea's so rough." But Teddy cried:  
"Fear not, Old Geezer — thou bearest  
Cæsar!"  
So crossed they to the other side.

They first beheld a spout of fire  
Hard by a fogged infernal fen,  
Whence came loud shouts of "Who's a  
liar?"  
Wild issuing from some dismal den.  
And as the Voice rose high and higher  
Tedysses whispered, "It is Ben!"

In a crude cave Ben Tillman stood  
Eating hot coals and spitting flames  
As though the banquet tasted good  
And burning brands were parlor games.  
"Hullo!" he said, observing Ted;  
"You can't beat *me* at calling names!"

"O Pitchfork Ben," Tedysses cried,  
     "No scorching names I bring to you;  
 But this advice I bear to guide  
     Your farther passage Hades through:  
 Be suave to your Superior  
     And do not speak till spoken to."

Then from that pit of deathless hate  
     Burst a blue blaze of sulphured cuss:  
 "Thou egocentric puffed Ingrate,  
     Hades ain't big enough for us!"  
 Pluto, dismayed, said: "Come, let's fade  
     Before he starts another fuss."

Hard by upon a Tarpeian rock,  
     Lay Foraker, reduced to nil,  
 Listless of any sound or shock,  
     Limp as a rag and void of will.  
 "Pluto," said Ted, "I hate to knock,  
     But Joe, I see, is lying still."

Lorn, lonesome in the jaundiced mist,  
     A gray Tree reared its gnarl and  
     knot;  
 A hardshell Tree, whose sturdy twist  
     Showed the healed scars of many a  
     swat.  
 Behold! What ho! 'Twas Uncle Joe,  
     Securely rooted to the spot.

About this noble wooden chunk  
The hurricane of Progress blew,  
But Joseph neither budged nor shrunk  
From the hard rocks on which he  
grew.

“Chop, if you will, this old gray trunk,  
But spare My Country’s wool and  
glue!”

A tremor twitched his tattered twig  
Beholding Teddy’s outlines faint;  
Then whistled he: “I don’t renege—  
If you’re Republican, I ain’t.”

“I half suspect that you’re correct,”  
Teddy replied, with some restraint.

More words had passed, but Pluto’s snort  
Broke in: “Come, Teddy, stir your  
feet!

Eternity seems far too short  
When two Perpetual Speakers meet.  
The next to view is Aldrich, who  
Will furnish us a pretty treat.”

Through the weird Vale of Nature-Fakes  
The twain did wend their weary way,  
Past flying cows and singing snakes  
And clawfoot mules that ate their  
prey,  
Past climbing hogs and rabbit-frogs  
And storkichicks, both red and gray.

The ghost of Reverend Mr. Long  
Forever climbed the lofty trees,  
Where apelike horses sat in song  
In altitudes one seldom sees.  
“They don’t exist!” Tedysses hissed,  
Though obviously ill at ease.

Soon Pluto and Tedysses came  
To an ice cliff topeapped with snows,  
Up whose smooth sides a ghost of fame,  
N. Aldrich, clomb with naked toes:  
As up he wore he madly bore  
A dollar balanced on his nose.

’Gainst the smooth slope he slowly stepped,  
His straining sinews sorely sot,  
Balanced the coin with nose adept  
Till halfway up the peak he got,  
When sudden—zip!—with frightful flip  
Down the slick, slippery slide he shot.

Undaunted by that bumptious fall,  
Another dollar he obtained;  
This on his nose he set withal,  
And to the peak again he strained.  
“What’s this grim joke?” Tedysses spoke.  
Whereat N. Aldrich thus explained:

“This icy pinnacle you see  
Is called the Solid Interest;



Ten million years I'm doomed to be  
Its climbing toy, its bitter jest.  
Upon my nose I thus repose  
My Currency—you know the rest."



As summitward again he toiled,  
Again to slip and downward dart,  
His dignity forever spoiled,  
His temper peevish with the smart.  
A bully thrill of right good will  
Warmed Theodore's progressive  
heart.

*IV.—He Beholdeth the Specters of Familiar Monsters*

Upon a horrid, hopeless midland weir  
Malformed, gallumptious, bulbous brutes  
    he saw;  
Some like the Singer Building, planet-  
    reaching,  
Some short and slimy, squalid but im-  
    mense.  
And yet, withal, they bore as half-devel-  
    oped  
A sort of human shape—yet, oh, how  
    twisted,  
Swollen, lopsided, fat, mal-specialized,  
As in the spectral swamps they rolled  
    about,  
Babbled of mergers, panics, stock reports,  
Tearing their flabby sides and bleeding  
    bullion.  
Tedysses sudden standing in their midst,  
An awful silence struck their mad carouse.  
Then, like a million boilers belching steam,  
They reared haunch-high and raised this  
    hellish salvo:  
“Hail, Great Pile-Driver of the mighty  
    chug!  
Thou who from realms of daylight ham-  
    mered us  
To deeps of Stygian Orcus, by the fury

---

Which thou on earth didst sway, devoid  
of mercy,  
Oh, stay thine arm, and pity us in Hell!"

Tedyssees, unto Pluto turning, said:  
"Who are these vast Homunculi here gathered—  
These monstrous near-Men lummocking  
about?  
They seem to recognize me; yet their like  
I've never met in all my lecture tours."  
Pluto unto the giants turned and cried:  
"Since our Distinguished Tourist wants to  
know  
More of you—come now, give your college  
yell!"  
Whereat the monsters thus their roar in-  
toned:

"We are the Grafters,  
We are the Thugs,  
We are the Crooks and the Shorts and  
Ugs;  
We are the Preds  
And the wealthy Mals,  
We are the Corporation Pals;  
We are the Rebate Spoils Distributors,  
We are the Campaign Fund Contributors;  
The Meddling Mats,  
The Mollycods,

The Standing Pats,  
     The Salary Gods;  
 The grubs of Gammon,  
 The slaves of Mammon;  
 The Pork-Keg Grabbers,  
 The Cork-Leg Stabbers;  
     The Senate-protected,  
     Boodle-directed,  
     Toothless,  
     Truthless,  
     Utterly ruthless,  
     Soot-bad,  
     Loot-mad  
     Cogs unclean  
     Of the old Republican Coin Machine.  
 Har! Har!  
 That's what we are!  
 Hurroo!!"

Tedysses gazed a while with looks elate;  
 Then said to Pluto: "This is simply great.  
     When we get out of this  
     It wouldn't be amiss  
 To put an extra padlock on the gate."

*V.—The Elevator Descendeth with the  
 Latest Load*

They struggled a while in a downward  
     direction  
 To a cave plainly marked, "Editorial Sec-  
     tion."

Close to this portal  
Of terrors immortal

Covered with fetters  
Sat Bellamy Storer,  
Typewriting letters  
And looking still sorer.

These billets, marked "Private," I blush  
to confess,  
Were quickly devoured by the fiends of  
the press.

"In this busy department," said Pluto to  
Ted,

"You'll find a fresh editor lashed to a  
Post,

With the Sun in his eyes and the World  
on his head——"

"We'll cut out this show," said Ted to  
his host.

"Since I've got a long life on the Outlook  
before me,

I'm weary of printers; and editors bore  
me."

As Teddy thus spoke

From the darkness there bounced

An imp black with smoke

Who distinctly announced:

"There's a fresh load o' spooks of a serious  
natur'

Jest bein' sent down by the west elevator."

To the west elevator they speedily loped.  
The Victims poured out as the great door  
was oped

And the first to arrive on the Stygian tarns  
Were Sherman and Lorimer, Woodruff  
and Barnes.

“Well, boys,” said Tedysses,

“You’ve got to the place  
Where one seldom misses  
A popular face.”

Whereat the Big Four, with a sigh of  
regret,

Lined up and delivered this mournful  
quartet:

*Sentimental Song*

In the fields of our en-deav-or, when we  
worked in days of yore,

We mowed down miles and miles of  
golden grain—

Tra-la-la-loo!

But to them Old Head-quar-ters we will  
ne’er go back no more,

For happy days won’t never come  
again.

*(Close harmony)*

The Same Old Gang sets silent round the  
empty ballot-box,

Joe Cannon’s picture’s turned against  
the wall;

Their campaign buttons need a shine, and  
 holes are in their sox  
 As this refrain they warble thro' the  
 hall:

*Chorus*

“The Old Machine is bursted, mother dear!  
 There’s a clothesline tied around the run-  
 ning gear.  
 Can’t we coax some kindly Trust  
 To relieve the wheels of rust?”

For

the Old

Machine

is rotten,

Mother dear!!!”

*VI—The Windlass is Again Hoisted*

Weary of ghosts Ted turned his toughened  
 tissues

Back to the sunlit earth of living issues—  
 The earth of platforms, policies and kings,  
 And just about a million Other Things;  
 The World of Struggles, where the human  
 race,

Being from torpor shook,

May learn at last to look

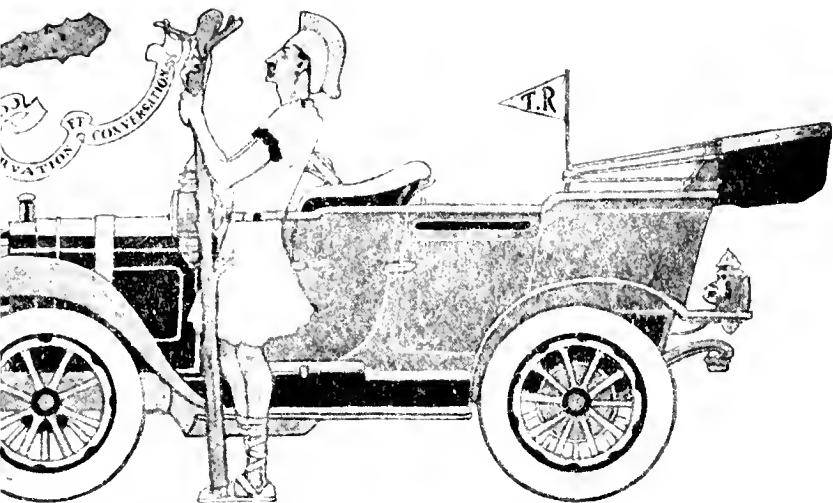
Truth, the Magnificent Bromide, in the  
 face.





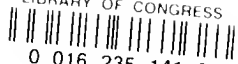






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